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BLOCKPRINT

Vol. 17 No. 23

MAY 13, 1968

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Jolly Jinx Rubin

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And the usual general goof-offs
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Laughin' Lyn Whitaker,

The Heads of the Whole Hairy Hoard
Rolickin' Roy, Jolly Jinx,
Bubbly Bruce, Koughin' Karl,
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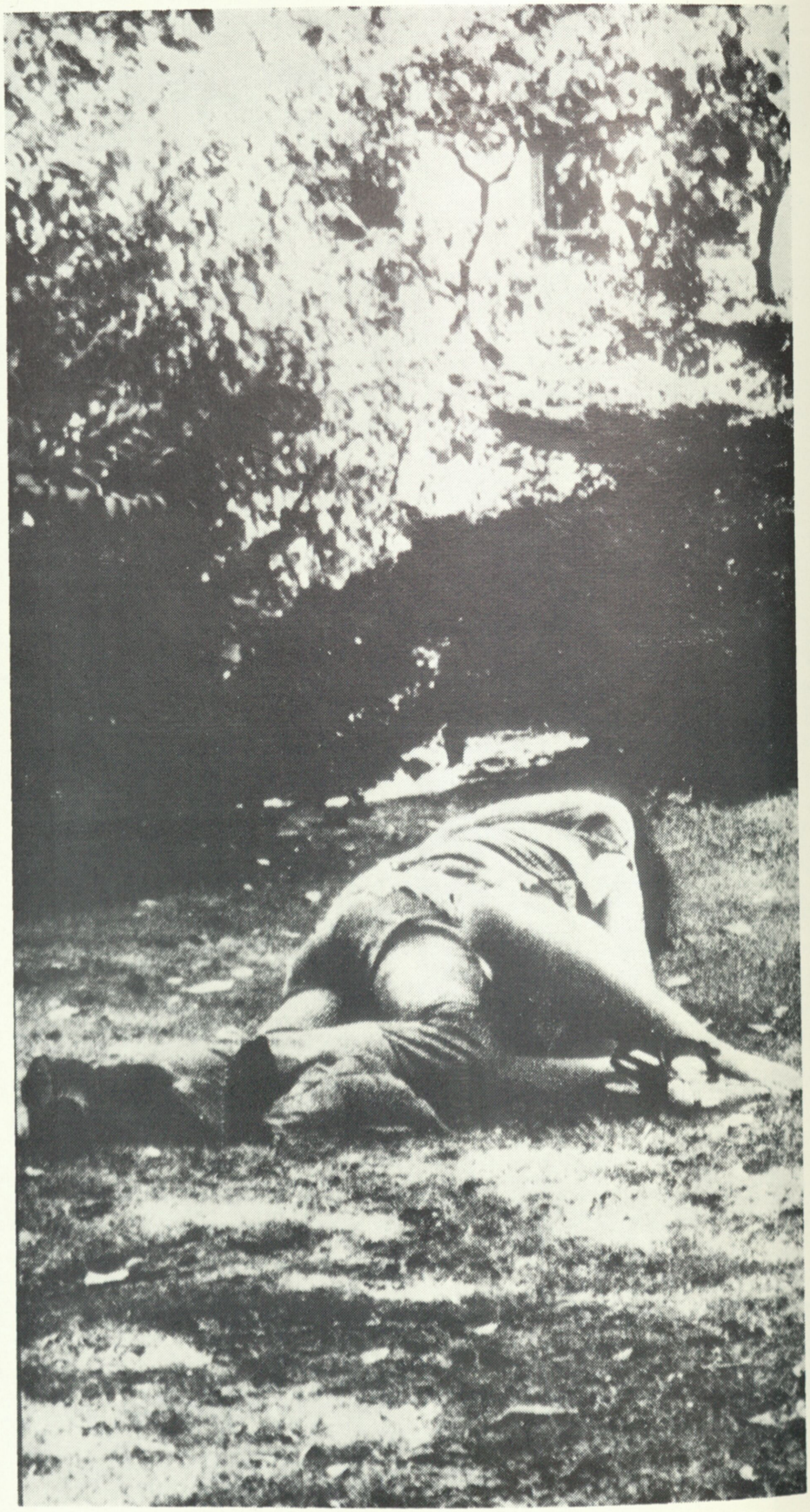
Subscription rates $10.00 per year ($.35) per copy — (30 Issues). Printed by Printers' Service & Supply, Inc., 231 Douglas Avenue, Providence, Rhode Island. Second-class postage paid at Providence, R. I. Published weekly on Mondays, except holidays and examination periods while the College is in session, by BLOCKPRINT, Rhode Island School of Design, 2 College Street, Providence, R. I. 02903.



EDITORIAL

So the year is over.

A president resigned, a student council showed its head out of the grave it dug for itself, a faculty received a new and higher salary and a newspaper crawled back to its feet.

So what else is new?

Rhode Island School of Design is now standing at the doorway of what seems to be a somewhat dark hallway. Now that the school is looking for a new president it seems that college presidents are not that easy to come by. Of course the committee studying the situation has called in a professional organization to help in finding the new man; they have received applications but nothing **that** concrete. So it's not too far out to assume that RISD may go without a president for a while. It follows that the school will be headed by what can be called "a caretaker government". This is not necessarily something bad but it also could mean that the advancement of RISD will be stagnated. The absence of a president could very well mean a serious blow to the already shaky financial situation at RISD.

But there is also a brighter side to the future; the new intersession program. With proper arrangements, a junior or senior can work outside in the field of his major, or he can travel to Europe to study, or he can continue to work here at school in his major; a sophomore will be able to find out if he has chosen the right major for himself by trying out another department.

So now there seems to be a dark hallway with a glimmer of light at its end. All this school can do is wait to see how long the hallway is. Maybe we will reach the other side by September. Maybe next June.

MUSEUM OPENING: WATER WITH SCOTCH

The first time I strolled through this collection, I was impressed. I saw some good paintings and some good names. The second time through, I realized that the two didn't usually match. There were some that did.

Calder, Marin, Albers, Pollack; all good names to have in a collection, and all good artists. However, though the paintings were good, they were not representative of the artists' best works. Calder's mobile is perhaps as good as his larger ones, thanks to the lack of direct lighting. The shadows are entrancing.

There are a few good paintings by artists I have never heard of (and there are quite a few of those). The best of the whole show is a painting by Keith Boyle, entitled "Time Out". There are only two shades of blue and two shades of red. The illusion is fantastic. It is worth seeing.

The collection is split, with part of it at the Annmary Brown Memorial. The most interesting things I saw there were the tombs of Annmary Brown and her husband.

It seems to me that this collection is based more on quantity rather than quality. There are a few names thrown in to add p-zazz. Personally, I thought there were some paintings there that were so bad that I wouldn't even hang them in my broom closet. Perhaps it reflects the tendency of some people to buy paintings, no matter how bad, for the mere status of having a large collection.

Ken Hartley

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THE FINAL ANALYSIS

There were thirteen all together, all seated in chairs positioned in a semi-circle. Five held cigarettes; three had cigars. Seven had right legs crossed over left; five had left crossed over right; one varied between the two at thirty second intervals. Suddenly, one of them jolted forward toward a wall where a clean cut young man in a blue shirt and blue tie, with a Scripto mechanical pencil to match in his breast pocket, stood hanging some white pages. The previously seated gentleman glared threateningly at the papers hanging from the wall, then stopped and peered closely at a pile of cardboard and sticks that sat on two stools at the base of the wall.

A second of the thirteen rose quietly, faced his colleagues and a small group of haggled onlookers and stated: "May I begin now?" The young man in the blue shirt and tie and a Scripto pen to match turned slowly and placed his back to the wall. His eyes were very red; deep black areas shown clearly beneath them; although his shirt was pressed, two bottom buttons were undone and the hair on his belly was visible beneath his curled-under tee-shirt. His face was scarlet, matching perfectly the color in the corners of his eyes and contrasting sharply with the whiteness of his lips. The gentleman on the extreme left of the group of thirteen then stood and seemed to draw from his shoulder holster a 20-calibre pistol and fired point-blank at the young man, grazing him in the left shoulder, above his vaccination, and burning a good deal of the young man's blue shirt in the process.

This seemed to signal the other men into action. Suddenly from every direction there was a blaze of double-barreled shot-guns, 45-calibre pistols, and through the haze, the noise of an M-16 from Hartford, and one Elephant gun. One gentleman in the middle of the calmly-firing group seemed somewhat conservative using bow-and-arrow and throwing Bowie knives.

It was an amazing spectacle. Suddenly, above the din I heard someone scream: "Why don't we move on to the next one?" Four of the onlookers rushed to the board to take down the blood-spattered papers and remove the smouldering model which was destroyed in the heat of the onslaught by a can of RC Cola filled with Napalm. The young man, now no longer, was removed before the smoke had cleared; even before the floor had dried from the mopping. A by-now-familiar face smiled strangely and said: "May we begin now?"

Jim Barnes

ART SHOW

Theatregoers currently attending the Trinity Square Playhouse to see the sixth and final production of the Trinity Square Repertory Company's 1967-68 season, Racine's PHAEDRA, find drama and excitement on the walls of the theatre lobby, as well as on stage. The exhibit now on display is the work of advanced art students of Cranston West High School.

The student exhibition is composed of 24 collages, drawings, and paintings. The 14 student artists, Grades 10-12, attend Trinity Square productions at the Rhode Island School of Design Theatre through the federally sponsored Project Discovery program, under which 40,000 Rhode Island senior high school students attend 3 plays a year. The artists are under the direction of Mrs. Muriel Townsend, a graduate of RISD, who has been teaching art for 6 years. Mrs. Townsend presents each assignment to her class as a problem that must be solved visually. For example, she instructed her students to look through a car dashboard and present their impressions of what they see. When students enter her class for the first time, they are introduced to Mrs. Townsend's theory of art, which serves as the hallmark of the Trinity exhibit. "Creativity demands much more of the artist than reproducing what he and you see. It demands imagination, sensitivity, intelligence . . . an entirely personal approach. Anyone can learn the technique of drawing and painting. Creativity is the ingredient that makes a potential artist".

The works on display were selected mainly by the students themselves, and exhibit a wide range of both subject matter and treatment, coordinated by F. Leon Sibielski, Trinity Square House Manager, also a teacher at Cranston West.

Also on display is a photo exhibit, the work of Trinity Square Acting Company member William Damkoehler. Mr. Damkoehler's show is a photographic study of individuals, with human behavior as its central theme.

TALIESIN

In case you've happened to wander into the Student Activities Office and found a strange-looking new magazine on sale, we want to inform you as to what you've probably found. The name is **Taliesin;** its purpose—outlet.

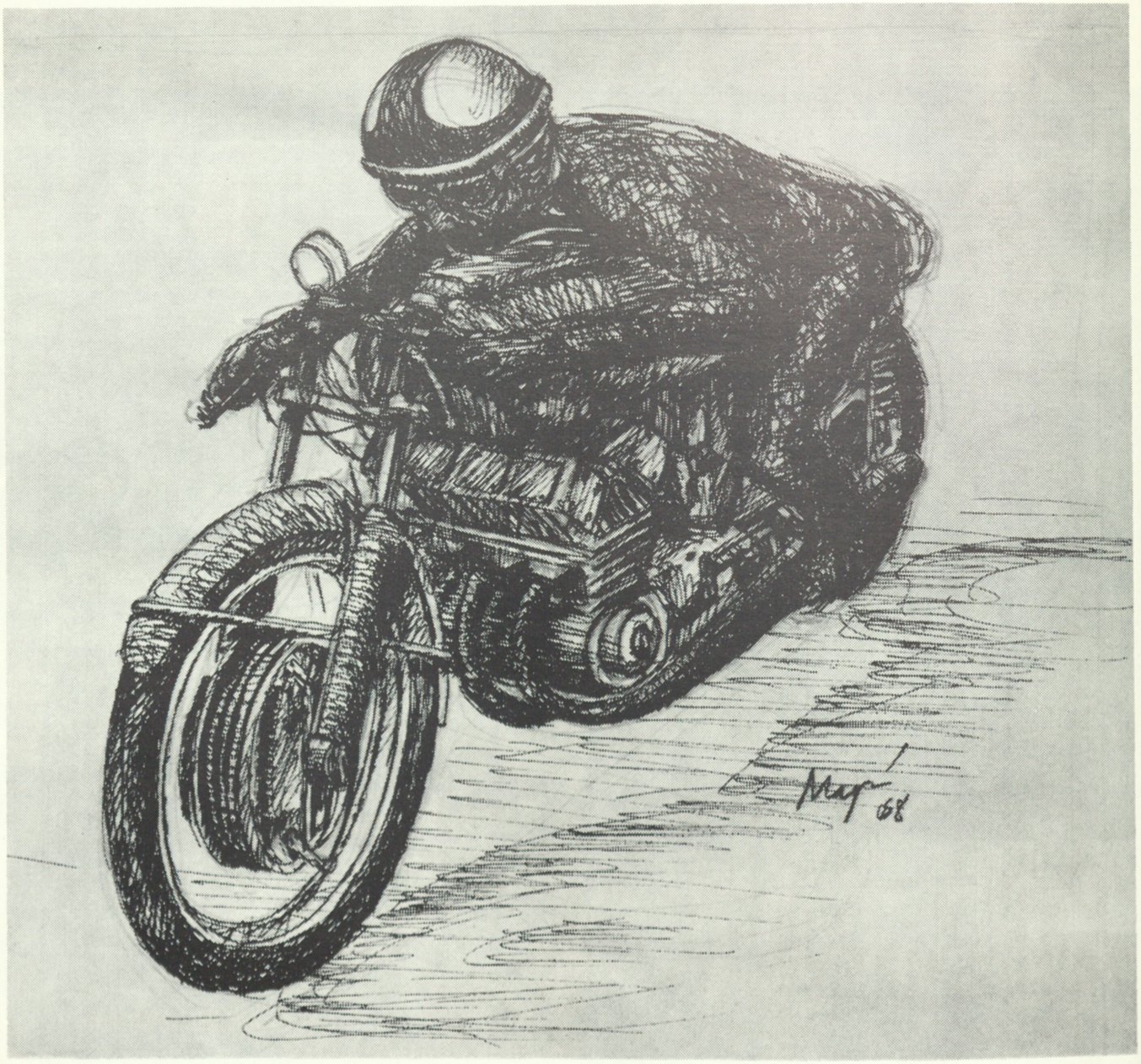
The editors intend **Taliesin** to be a forum of imagination, a collection of intriguing ideas and (although sparce in this issue) artwork.

Taliesin presently is edited by Brown students, but the need to expand in all printable creative forms has inspired a search for material beyond the Brown community. The works included in the present issue (available for a meek 25c at the SAO) are from varied sources, and the editors hope that RISD students will contribute material to forthcoming publications. Anyone wishing to work actively on any aspect of the magazine will be enthusiastically welcomed.

We hope to vary **Taliesin's** format from issue to issue to keep ourselves free from formalisms—that is, while retaining its unique quality, **Taliesin's** size, shape, and general physical appearance will change from issue to issue.

Taliesin is open to anyone, and suggestions are invited concerning any aspect of the magazine. Again, this is an open invitation to both submit work and to join our staff. We regret that due to our limited funds (the magazine is sold below cost), we cannot pay for articles or drawings submitted. Any questions, submissions, or other may be sent to the following address: **Taliesin,** Box 1896, Brown University.

COLLECTION '68: PREVIEW



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FREAK OUT AT MIDLAND MALL

The Elliott Buick people are pretty slick. Normally the reaction to something like last Saturday's paint-in around here would have been: "Oh right! A 'paint-in! Yeah . . . Come On, now." But, like I said, those Elliott people are cool. Their little thing had to be a success and for one reason only: everybody around here is broke. And with $300.00 as the jab in the backside, you know damn well you're going to get enough contestants. Plus the fact that a sponsored chance for those of us so inclined to gross out the local gentry is too juicy to pass up. All of which accounted for the large turn-out at the Midland Mall on the morning of May 4. And I forgot to mention that the Midland folks supplied free eats. The local end of this nationwide enterprise was open to RISD students only; the reason for that unbeknownst to RISD, unless it's because the Elliott people would get just as much of a kick out of being grossed as we would in doing the grossing. It's not because we are supposedly better artists, and that's for damn sure: the public's doing the judging. Everything to keep us happy, that's the ticket: enough food, enough "psychedelic" detergent saturated Crown tempera, and ten white-washed Opels in a row (with sufficient plastic underneath to protect the flagstone inside the Mall) upon which for us to vent our wild uninhibited artistic passion. It didn't appear as if the Midland patrons and merchants were too familiar in dealing with live artists. They stared as if we were all representatives from the Planet of the Apes, but for the most part these awe-struck onlookers were pretty friendly and encouraging. Smiles win votes, kiddies. Taking the Elliott people at their word, the nine six-man RISD teams made the project a 'fun thing' scattering paint over themselves, the mall, the onlookers, and occasionally the cars. Galloping to and fro in wild abandon, gleaning ideas from competing teams, sabotaging other cars, the participants could hardly be accused of not getting involved in their thing. Although the paint-in was advertised as one of a psychedelic nature, the majority of the cars reflected leanings a little more traditional than that. Merkin would have loved it: the majority of the cars were quite campy and pop . . . a Bonnie and Clyde shrine, a salute to Stan, the Man, and his Marvel Comics super-heroes; a playing card design; a social commentary on God-knows-what, but resembling either a football diagram or the schematic on the back of a transistor radio; a Providence "See"-Squad Prowl car with rather strange officers inside. Among the other efforts was a turtle; spilled paint; and a tempera interpretation of chop suey. About the only thing that could have been remotely labelled "psychedelic" was a delicate pastel paisley design reminiscent of the Pennsylvania Dutch hex decorations you buy on those hideous guided tours through Bird-in-Hand, Pa., Amish country: We were pretty well represented for the most part. With the finishing of the nine cars came the important part: the judging; the nine works of art to be left on display at the Mall for the voting public's edification. It's anybody's guess as to how many carloads of the teams' friends made the trip to the voting place to help stuff the ballot boxes for their favorite; the lucky winning team (and I do mean lucky if the general financial situation among us is as bad as I think it is) to be announced sometime before we're out of here for the summer. As both an onlooker and a participant, I must say we all did accomplish at least one great thing: destroying the horrible structural shapes of those awful cars without one blunt instrument. We did a good job didn't we, kiddies?

Jinx Rubin

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"I think that we communicate only too well, in our silence, in what is unsaid, that which takes place is continual evasion, desperate rearguard attempts to keep ourselves to ourselves."

Harold Pinter's statement well illustrates the character of his two short plays presented by Designers in Drama on May 3 and 4. "The Collection" and "The Lover" were full of silences that spoke and evasions that told more than words could.

Plays such as these are easy to superficially present, but extremely difficult to do well, in the vein that they were written. In light of recent declines in the quality of their presentations, it was surprisingly admirable for the Designers to give quite a capable interpretation of Pinter. Each play had its problems, but on the whole, the performances showed hope for Designers in the future.

"The Collection", a story of a homosexual initiation, was full of symbols with sexual implications: olives, knives, and cats. "The Lover" dealt with two psychotic lovers; man and wife/lover and mistress.

Pinter wrote in such a way that each image is meaningful to the total effect. Thus, each line spoken by an actor must be carried off correctly or some meaning is lost. This makes acting difficult.

The four participants in "The Collection"; Clark, Chris, Sally, and Luigi, and Carol Dupont and Bob Jones in "The Lover" played their roles admirably. Being young people playing older parts, they perhaps brought a freshness to Pinter that sometimes is lost with older actors.

The result of the two performances is that we see, for the future, great hope for better and better Designers presentations.

Susan Hacker

NOTICE

Students must satisfactorily complete their financial obligations with the school prior to May 17, 1968. Failure to do so will necessitate withholding degrees, transcripts and grades until accounts are settled. If in doubt about your status, check with the Business Office.

My Difficulty:

To use the newspaper and the United States Employment Service to gain additional employment for myself and my models and to recruit models.

To get the Rhode Island Bar Association to refer me to a legal advisor who will help me to solve my difficulty.

Charles Francis Moccio

FROM "THE LOVER"

CALENDAR

MONDAY, MAY 13 —

8:00 p.m. Mem. Hall — Yoga Meeting — Speaker: Swami Sachitananda

TUESDAY, MAY 14 —

12:30 p.m. Gym — Dance Class
8:00 p.m. Auditorium — Collection '68

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15 —

6:30 p.m. 430 — Motorcycle Mtg.
8:00 p.m. Auditorium — Collection '68

THURSDAY, MAY 16 —

12:00 noon Gym — Dance Class
7:30 p.m. Mem. Hall — Film "Throne of Blood"
6:00 p.m. Boys' Club — Swimming

SUNDAY, MAY 19 —

7:00 p.m. Upper Refectory — Catholic Mass

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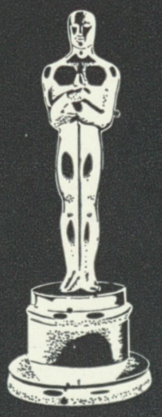

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